

Wedmore Eng
Sep^r 14th 1889.

My little woman.

I fervently trust you are by this time happy at work in school, & the troublesome time of Doras illness passed by. I was greatly distressed to hear of it, for her sake as well as yours. It seems to me you are learning to be a clever little nurse, as well as housekeeper. This summer I hope it will be long before my girlie will have to saddle my cares again, though a little practical knowledge of them will have done you more good than harm once the Mother is back, & that will be very soon now. Two weeks from next Wednesday we take to the briny again, & with so much hope of joy at the other end of the journey, I shall stand it well, I know. We have lost the beautiful long twilight evenings & miss

them greatly. Papa took us Aunt Sarah & I, in a green little one seated six, the only thing which could be got here to see the celebrated Cheddar Cliffs. A beautiful gizzard cut through a long & range of high hills called the Mendips could only liken the gap in beauty & magnificence to William's canon, Col. Several interesting caves are in the neighborhood one of which we entered. They are supposed to have been hiding places for all sorts & kinds of people in ancient times. They are constantly finding old coins & curiosities of one kind and another, in them, old bones, human as well as animal. One coin we were shown is of Nero's reign dated AD 45. The stalactite & stalagmite formations are very beautiful & singular. There is a hole in the cliff very high up and difficult of access about which Aunt Sarah told us an interesting story. "An old woman who like Betty Wigden was fast supposing

ing herself, refused to go to the workhouse & took up her abode in this cave with a bit of bedding, living on charity I suppose, but poor. The authorities finding she was ill, let Uncle John know & he visited her, but too late to save her life. It looks more like a beard den, than a human habitation. My dear old Aunt is lovely & sweet beyond description I cannot tell you how I enjoy her. Cousin Nellie plays the organ magnificently I am going to have a sing with her after service this evening. She is very kind & pleasant but a financial wreck. It has turned cold again which we don't enjoy. I suppose we go from here northward by degrees taking in a little of North Wales. Ernest is not willing for me to go to see Cousin Harry, or any of the others of the family. I am afraid she will be terribly disappointed & I know I shall be. It is pleasant to walk past the fields & styles

where my dear Father used to
go shooting when he was a boy.
Dear Aunt lives in the past
& tell us so many of her
memories of my Brothers as
she always calls them. It is
delightful pleasure to me.
She also tell me much of my
long gone Mother who she
says was born to train children.
I am writing Sunday as you
have probably discovered
though I commenced this
yesterday. We leave here
tomorrow, but where our
next stopping place will be
I cannot tell, as ~~as~~ Papa
takes time to make up his mind
& he has ^{not} got it done yet
beyond going. I do so long to
see you my darling, I wonder
if you miss me for my own
sake, of course you do for my
usefulness. Papa & Aunt are
discussing United States
matters with great animation
& I must write to my Capt so
with fondest love, I am as ever
Your devoted
Pean God bless is well. Mother.





Miss Grace Hall.
519 Forest Ave.
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Chicago Ill.
U. S. America.

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